NUTTY

18p
IR-30p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 247 Nov. 3rd, 1984

THE COMIC WITH BANANAMAN YOUR TV STAR

When ordinary schoolboy little Eric eats a banana he instantly becomes the EXTRA-ordinary BANANAMAN

Hoots, Readers! I'm off to visit my uncle Rob Roy McGlumpher.

OOYAH! Me nostril bone!

BLATTER!

MUTTER! Pesky Hadrian's Wall. They might've put a door in it by now.

WELCOME TO SCOTLAND

OPEN MONDAY TO FRIDAY 9am - 5pm

WHIRR!

CACKLE! Weatherman here. I'm in an extra-naughty mood today so I'm going to spoil his visit totally. TEE-HEE-HEE!

SOON. IN LOVELY GLEN DROOKIT—

Aah! What a lovely highland scene.

Aberdeen are magic!

Dundee United are more magic!

CRIVVENS! JINGS! HELP MA BOAB! If it isnae ma bonnie wee Sassenach nephew.

WHEEZE! How do you do the noo, Uncle Rob?

SUDDENLY—

TRUNDLIN' TROSSACHS! IT'S SCOTCH MIST!?!

WOW! He's steamed up about something.

CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

Radio Nuttytown here, Listeners. Now for a rundown on this week's top forty...

Hmm! I'd like to be a local radio disc jockey.

What do you want, Son? Clear off!

I surely will, Mr Security Man, once I inform you that your shoelace is undone.

RADIO STATION

Only kidding!

RADIO NUTTYTOWN

RADIO STATION

You little rotter.

Here's an empty studio. Radio Rotter will soon be on the air.

STUDIO 3

Good morning, Nuttytown. Here are the news headlines. Well known local deejay, Tony Whiteburn, is homeless as demolition squads bulldoze his house.

WAAGH! That's my house. They can't do that! HOWL!

My little hoax has worked. Now to borrow his studio.

STUDIO 4

And now for all you young mums out there, a nice soothing melody to get your babies to sleep.

WHEN TWO TRIPES GO TO WASTE...

ROAR!

WAIL!

GRR! Soothing melody my foot.

SCREECH!

Here's one for all you rough, tough types—a real belter of a heavy metal number.

Lay some heavy sounds on us, Man.

CAFE MENU

HOW MUCH IS THAT MOGGIE IN THE WINDOW?

AAGH! We're not listening to kids' stuff.

HEY! What about the burgers you ordered?

KEEP FIT CLASS

And now for all you slimmers and keep fit ladies everywhere.

YIPPEE! That's us!

He's going to play a song for little us.

NELLIE THE ELEPHANT WHACKED HER SKUNK...

WHAT?

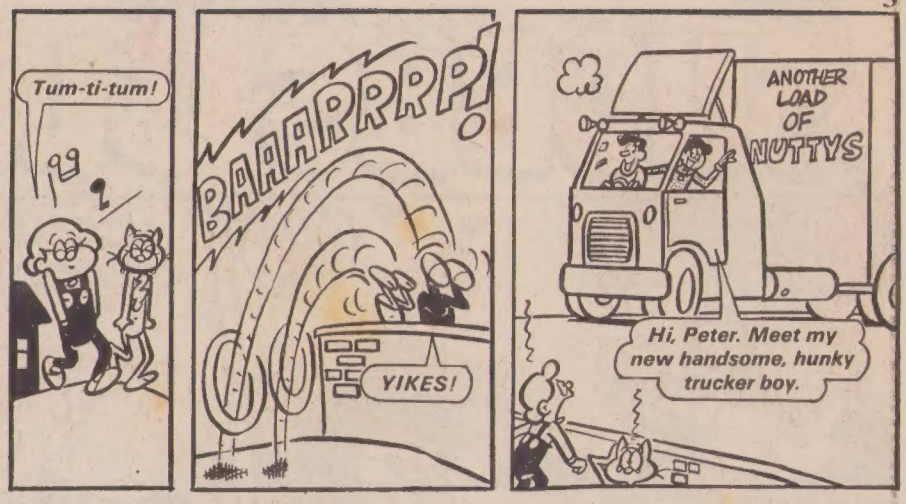
Of all the cheek!

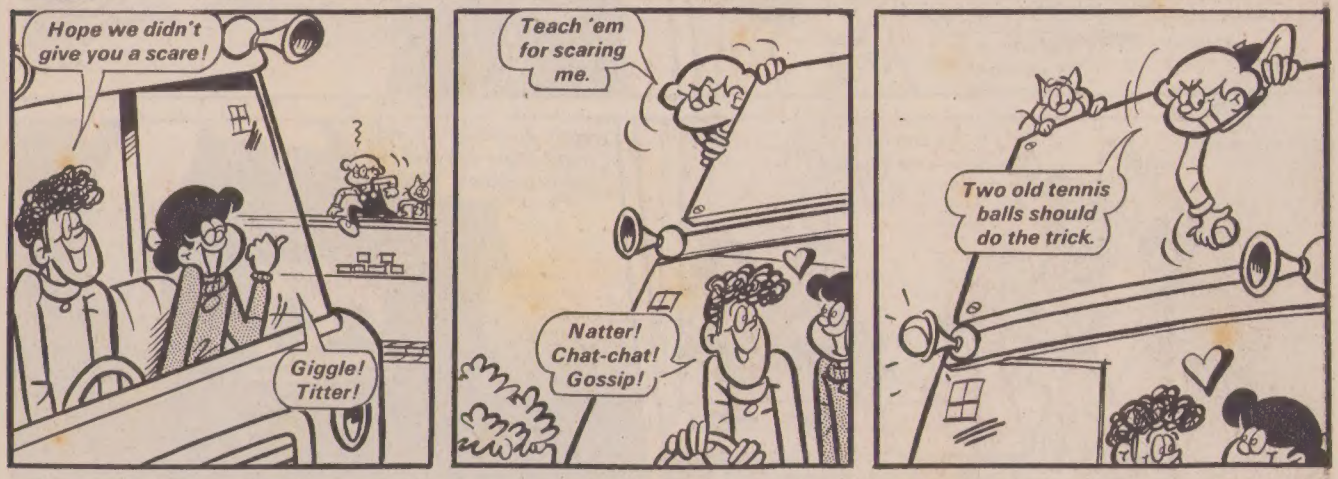
HOI! Bring back my horse!

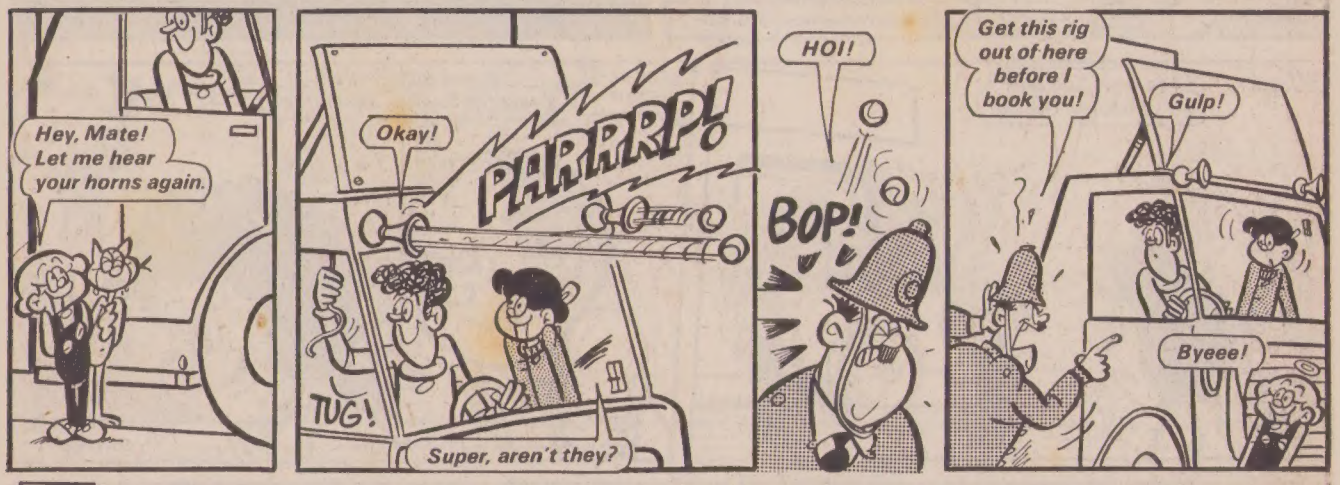
HO! HO! I'm a number one disc jockey, eh, Readers?

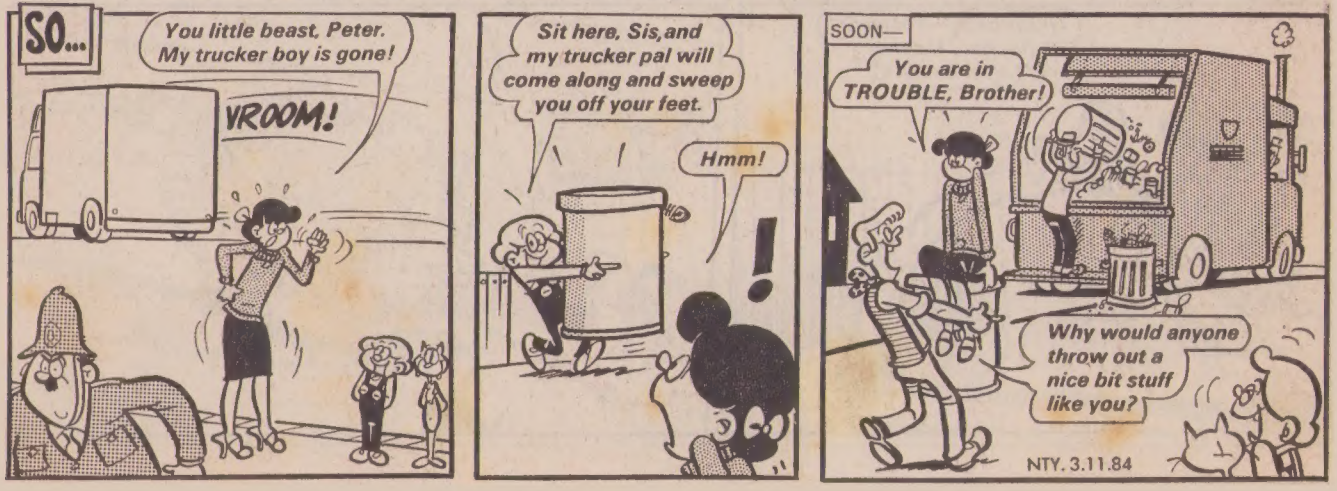
NTY. 3.11.84

PETER Pest


Tum-ti-tum!
BAARRRRP!
YIKES!
ANOTHER LOAD OF NUTTYS
Hi, Peter. Meet my new handsome, hunky trucker boy.


Hope we didn't give you a scare!
Giggle! Titter!
Teach 'em for scaring me.
Natter! Chat-chat! Gossip!
Two old tennis balls should do the trick.


Hey, Mate! Let me hear your horns again.
Okay!
PARRRP!
TUG!
Super, aren't they?
HOI!
BOP!
Get this rig out of here before I book you!
Gulp!
Byeee!


SO...
You little beast, Peter. My trucker boy is gone!
VROOM!
Sit here, Sis, and my trucker pal will come along and sweep you off your feet.
Hmm!
SOON—
You are in TROUBLE, Brother!
Why would anyone throw out a nice bit stuff like you?
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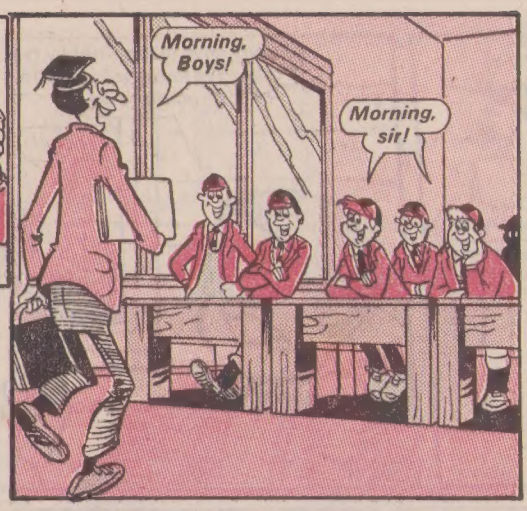
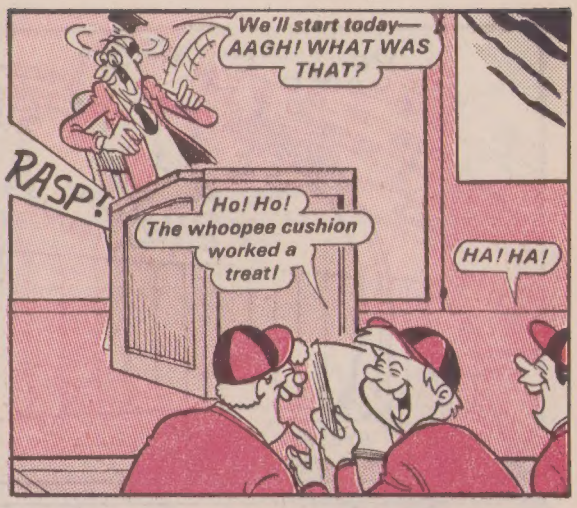
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

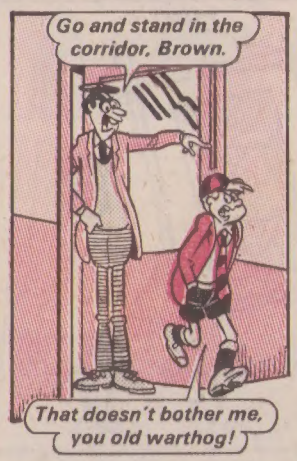
Is it lunch time yet, Hild?
Na! Hours to go yet.
We have electronic bleepers so Mumsie can call us when she wants us.
Huh!
BLEEP!
SHORTLY—
Yer are too late, Kiddies—I've scoffed the nosh.
Groan! Pity we don't have bleepers, Sis.
We'll go along to Fred's hamburger van and get some goodies.
BUT—
Tee-hee! Too late, we've bought the lot!
Aw!
BACK IN THE HUT—
Never mind—we'll raid the Snobbs' apple tree.
Good thinking, Bruvver.
This is lucky—someone has bent the tree over for us.
Let it go, Charles!
NTY. 3.11.84

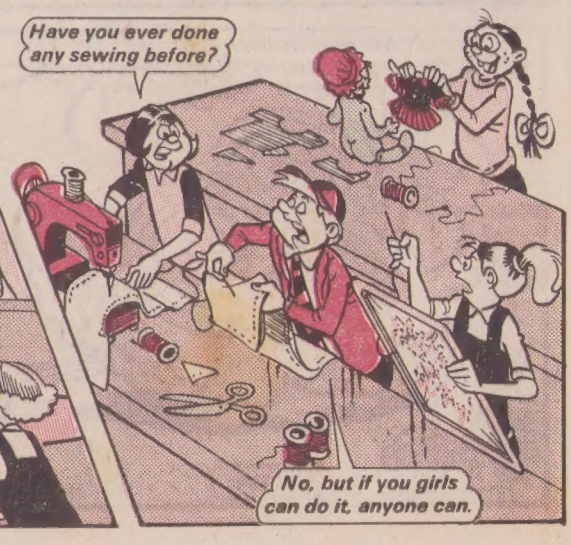
HOWL!
'BYEEEE! Slobb chops!
Funny how these Snobby twits always know what we're going to do.
Hmm!
I thought so—we've been "bugged"—more of their pesky electronics.
Coo! A hidden microphone!
We'll dress up as punks and sneak past the Snobbs to the Chinese takeaway.
SO—
YAR-BOO! We know you two are the Slobbs!
No they ain't! You've just pelted Hard Henry and Boz the Boot!
What?? Whimper!
YOU TWO ARE GONNA GET 'ITTED!
Tsk! Tsk!
NTY. 3.11.84
STOP!
WAIL!
Listen to that, Sis. the Snobbs must 'ave electronic BLEATERS!
HOWL!
MUMMY!
Heh! Heh!

RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS





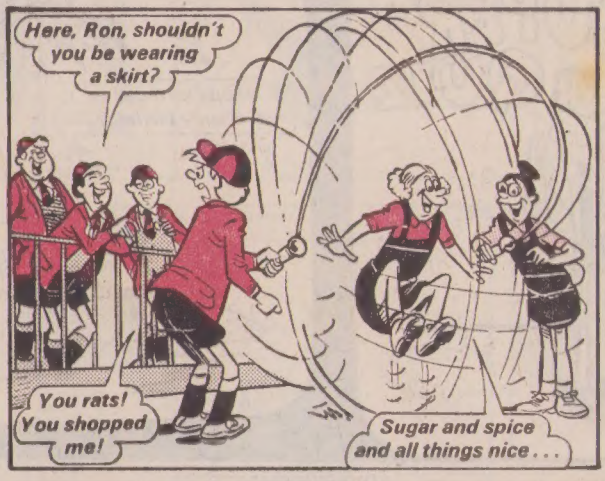




It's as easy as—OUCH! I've stabbed myself!
JAB!
Ho! Ho!

PLAYTIME—
BOYS
Phew! I'm glad that punishment's over!

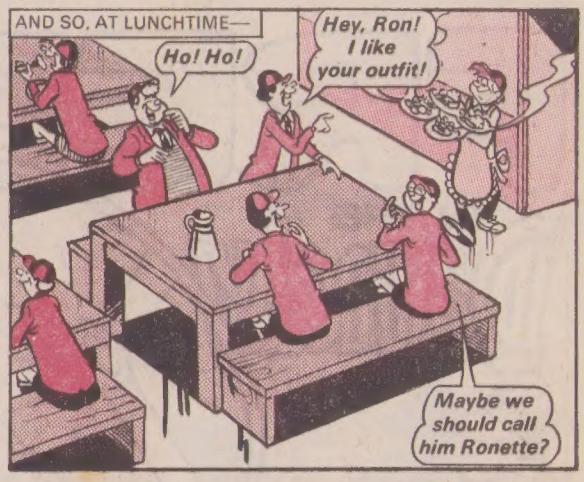
EH?
Oh, no, Brown! You're a girl for the DAY! That's your playground!


Here, Ron, shouldn't you be wearing a skirt?
You rats! You shopped me!
Sugar and spice and all things nice . . .

An apron! This is the last straw!
Pink suits you, Ron.

What are we making anyway?
We're making lunch for the whole school today!

Oh, we are, are we? MMM!


AND SO, AT LUNCHTIME—
Ho! Ho!
Hey, Ron! I like your outfit!
Maybe we should call him Ronette?

Tuck in, Boys!
I'm starving!
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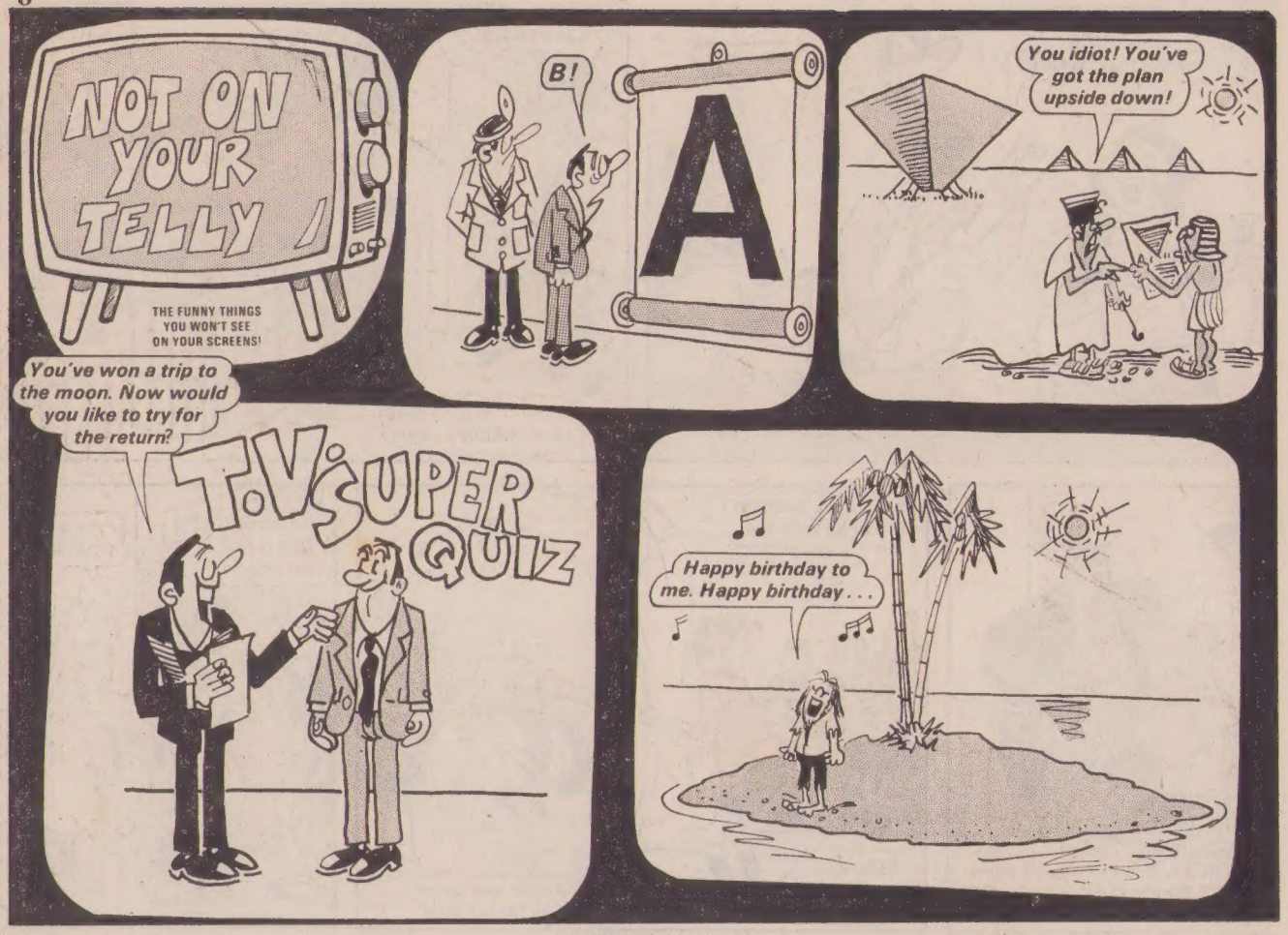
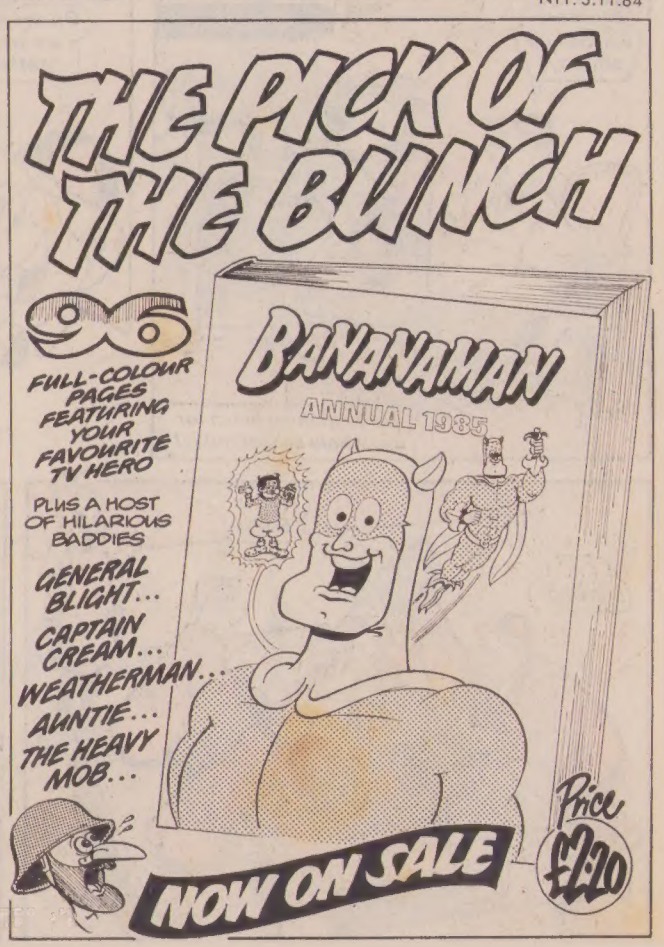
AARGH!
ME THROAT!
Seems my cooking was real hot, eh, Readers?
CURRY POWDER
I'M ON FIRE!
WATER!


NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
B!
A
You idiot! You've got the plan upside down!
You've won a trip to the moon. Now would you like to try for the return?
T.V. SUPER QUIZ
Happy birthday to me. Happy birthday...

FREE
IN THE
Dandy
NOT ACTUAL SIZE
The SPACE SPINNER
SEE IT WHIZZ THROUGH THE AIR!
ONLY IN THE Dandy 16p ON SALE MON 29th. Oct. (ISSUE DATED NOV. 3rd.)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FULL-COLOUR PAGES FEATURING YOUR FAVOURITE TV HERO
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GENERAL BLIGHT...
CAPTAIN CREAM...
WEATHERMAN...
AUNTIE...
THE HEAVY MOB...
BANANAMAN
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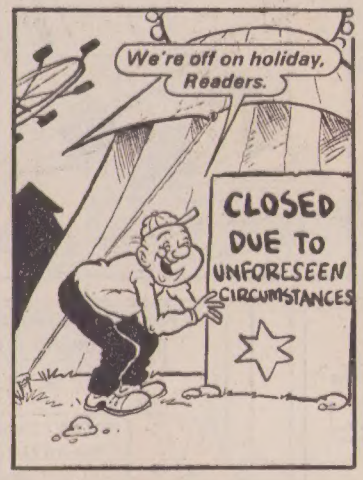
NOW ON SALE

Horace Cope

On you go, Gran. I'll be ready in a minute.


We're off on holiday, Readers.
CLOSED DUE TO UNFORESEEN CIRCUMSTANCES

MANY HOURS LATER—
This is like one of your predictions, Gran—A very long journey.

EVEN LATER—
Let's go to the hotel, Gran. I'm tired!

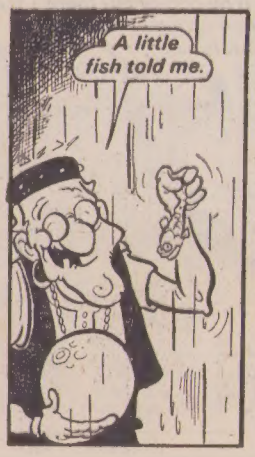
AND—
HMM! It's not much, but it'll do!
CLEAN UP
STRIKE FOR CLEANER CONDITIONS

NEXT MORNING—
Not much point going sightseeing in this rain, Gran. Let's go fishing instead.
Okay!
CHINESE TAKE AWAY

PRESENTLY—
YIPPEE! I think I've got a bite.

GREAT! But how long's this rain going to last?

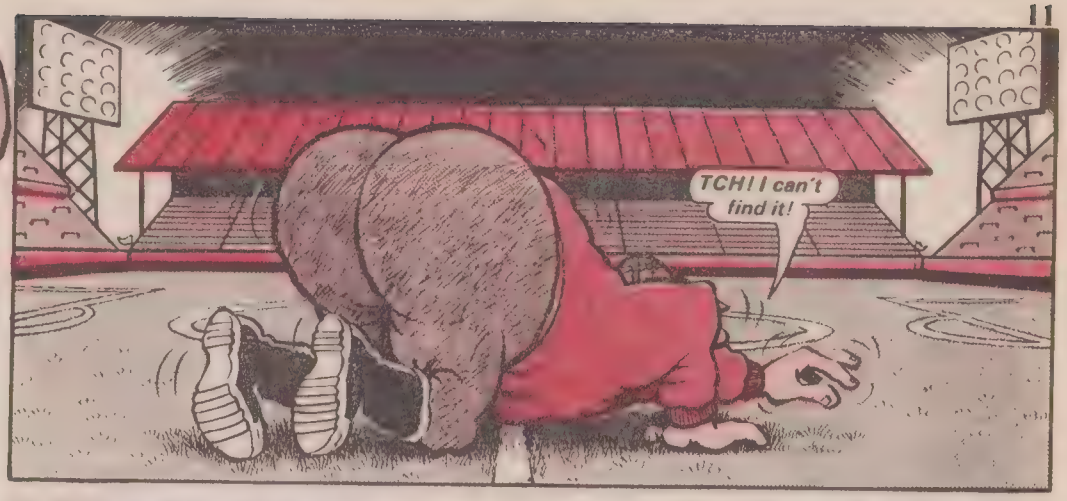
All week!
How do you know? You never get a prediction right!


A little fish told me.

MICHAEL FISH! I heard the weather forecast before we left Nuttytown.
NTY. 3.11.84

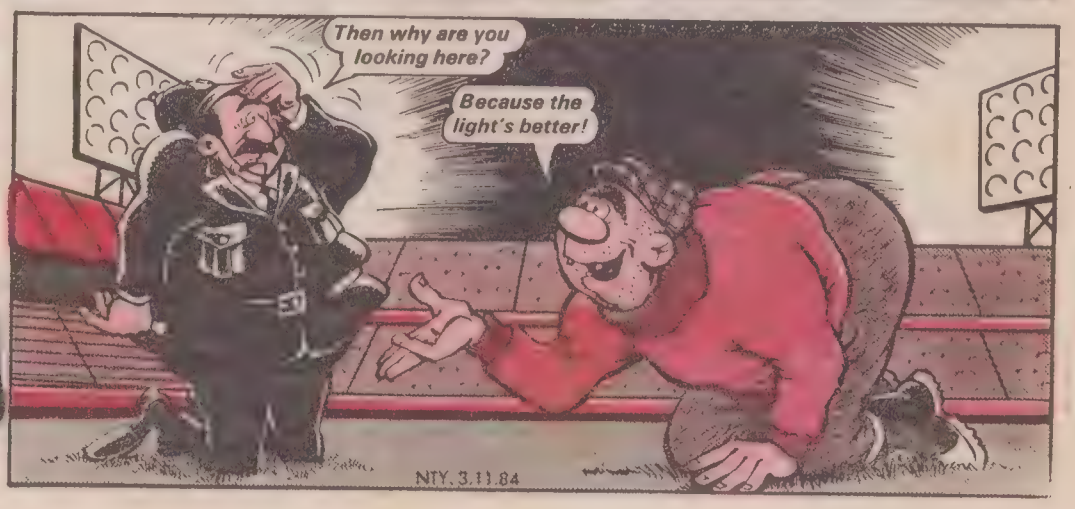
ZZZZ
SNOOZER
Zzz! Hi, Dad—bet you're just dying to give me my pocket money.
Hmph!
That's for you, Snoozer.
Coo! Feels like a whole pound.
BAH! What a horrible joke to play on me, Dad.
That's no joke—I'm fed-up of you doing nothing to earn your pocket money.
TRY WORKING FOR IT
For starters, you can clear my shed.
YAWN! Seems like an ODD job, but okay.
PHEW! First out with this old mattress.
I'll leave you to it then.
Now up this tree next.
Where's he going?
GERONIMO!!!
That's the shortest stay I've ever had on a mattress.
BOYNG!
YIKES! I've had a nasty accSHEDent!
CRASH!
NTY. 3.11.84
DUH! Sorry, Dad—I thought I would clear it no bother but there wasn't enough spring in that old mattress.
GRR! I meant you to CLEAR IT OF JUNK, you twerp.
Hard work really pays off, readers. Dad's given me a whopping rise in my pocket money.
It's worth every penny to keep him out of the way.

NUTTY TALES


TCH! I can't find it!

SOON—
What's up, Bert?
I've lost ten pounds, Constable.

Was it about here that you dropped it?
No, it was in the High Street!


Then why are you looking here?
Because the light's better!
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BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

DRONE

GOLLY! There's even Scotch mist belching from his bagpipes.

Ah cannae see as far as ma haggis-skin sporran.

I think I'll have a 'nana and let Bananaman investigate.

OOF! Hard banana this.

SCREAM!

Ye wee savage. Ye've bitten ma chanter clean in half.

UGH! And it's not my TASTE in music.

ONE PROPER NANANIBBLE LATER—

FOOM!

BUTTER MA BANNOCKS! It's yon braw laddie, Bananaman. Aye, that's how tae clear the mist.

BLAST!

MEANWHILE

While I'm up here in Scotland I'll be really nasty and try a spot of haggis rustling.

SNAFFLE

SNATCH

CLATTERIN' CLAYMORES! Somebody's been rustlin' ma herd o' haggis.

Poor animals.

Hold steady now, Boy.

T-tin foil!?!

There! Now you'll hear them bein' rustled, even though you're in the next glen.

Brilliant, ma bonnie wee blue-breeked Laddie.

RUSTLE!

RUSTLE!

RUSTLE!

DRAT! FOILED again! I'll give Bananaman a dose of what the Scottish Highlands are famous for.

A swarm of starving MIDGES. YUK! YUK!

AAIEE! HELP! Call them off!

Dinnae go awa', Laddie. I'll be back in two shakes of Nessie's nostril.

OOH! AAH! Surely you're not going to fight them one at a time.

No, no, Laddie.

Ah brought them to show ye how to dance properly.

I was NOT dancing!

FUME! You can see what I'm like at caber tossing now if you like.

ERK! Ye're no' bad, Son—no' bad

SHRIEK! I'm a real HIGHlander the noo.

GET OFF! I never pick up hitch hikers.

NTY. 3.11.84

ONE JOURNEY DOWN FROM SKY LATER—

Ah'll get rid o' the beasties, Laddie.

I hope so, Uncle.

They got rather hot under my collar.

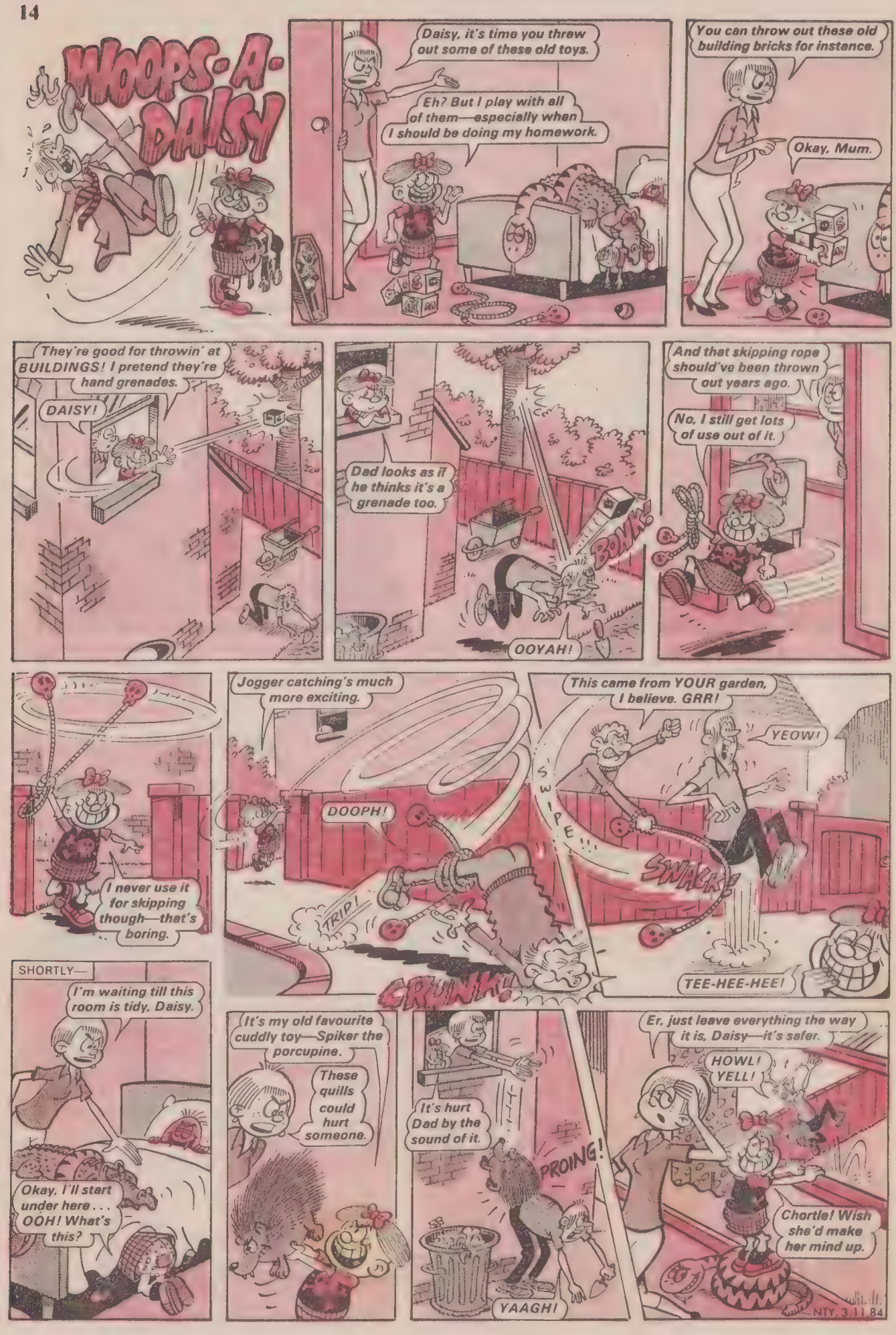
That's pit the wind up the wee rascals.

PUFF

HO! HO! Weatherman seems to have picked up a few ITCH HIKERS.

HELP!

HEE-OOCH! Nice one, Bananaman!


WOOPS-A-DAISY
Daisy, it's time you threw out some of these old toys.
Eh? But I play with all of them—especially when I should be doing my homework.
You can throw out these old building bricks for instance.
Okay, Mum.
They're good for throwin' at BUILDINGS! I pretend they're hand grenades.
DAISY!
Dad looks as if he thinks it's a grenade too.
BONK
OOYAH!
And that skipping rope should've been thrown out years ago.
No, I still get lots of use out of it.
I never use it for skipping though—that's boring.
Jogger catching's much more exciting.
DOOPH!
TRIP!
CRUNK!
This came from YOUR garden, I believe. GRR!
YEOW!
SWIPE
SWACK!
TEE-HEE-HEE!
SHORTLY—
I'm waiting till this room is tidy, Daisy.
Okay, I'll start under here . . . OOH! What's this?
It's my old favourite cuddly toy—Spiker the porcupine.
These quills could hurt someone.
It's hurt Dad by the sound of it.
PROING!
YAAGH!
Er, just leave everything the way it is, Daisy—it's safer.
HOWL!
YELL!
Chortle! Wish she'd make her mind up.
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Carry on collecting GIRLS!

SIX MORE STICKERS FOR YOUR MISS PETTICOAT album by PANINI ARE GIVEN FREE with BUNTY

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The picture paper specially for little girls.

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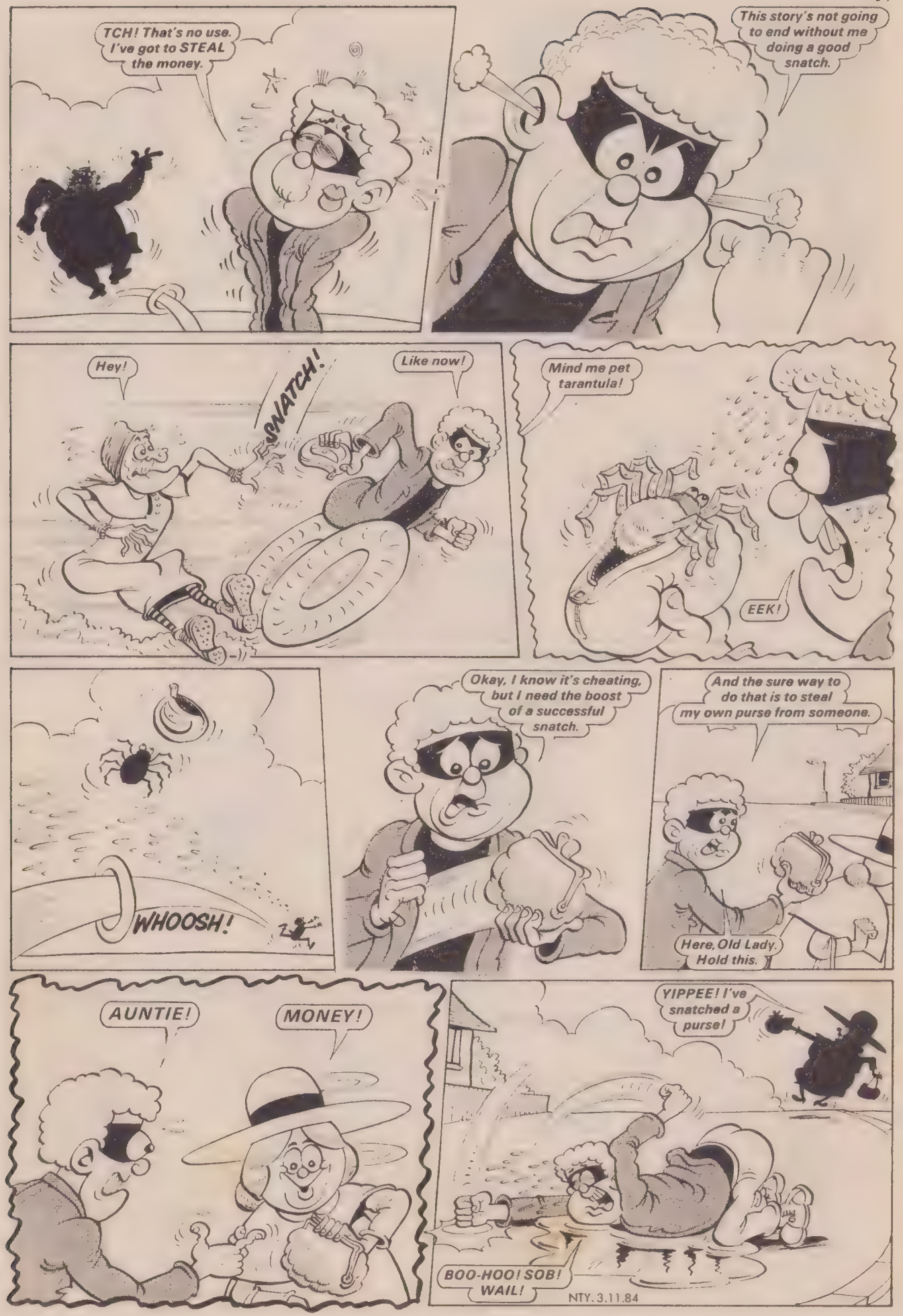
FROM "The Beezer" Dennis the Menace 1985 Price £2.10

STARRING ALL YOUR FAVOURITE FUN PALS FROM THE WEEKLY "BEANO" AND "DANDY", AND THE LOVABLE RASCAL FROM "THE BEANO", WITH HIS FAITHFUL HOUND, GNASHER — NOW ON SALE!

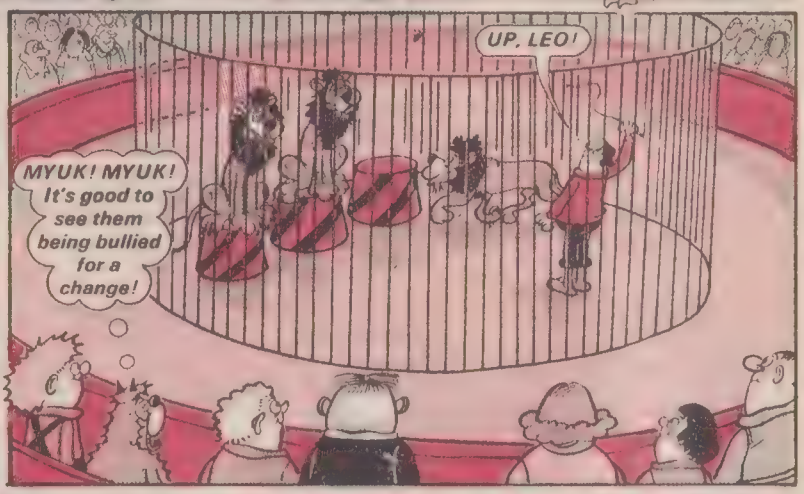
THIS WEEK: THE PHANTOM PURSE SNATCHER

Hi, Folks. I'm the phantom purse-snatcher. I can't resist snatching purses.
There's a purse. I'll now demonstrate my art.
SNATCH!
Got it! Wonder how much cash there is in it?
NOTHING!
Of course—I was just deciding whether or not to buy it.
An easy mistake to make, but I'll strike it rich with my next snatch.
BUT—
BLAT
Oh, no, you won't! I know who you are!
Oh, well, maybe a third time will be lucky!
HMM! Looks good!
BUT—
CRUSH!
YIPPEE! I've just won a thousand pounds in a competition on a tin of beans. Have a fiver and a kiss.
NTY. 3.11.84


TCH! That's no use. I've got to STEAL the money.
This story's not going to end without me doing a good snatch.
Hey!
SNATCH!
Like now!
Mind me pet tarantula!
EEK!
WHOOSH!
Okay, I know it's cheating, but I need the boost of a successful snatch.
And the sure way to do that is to steal my own purse from someone.
Here, Old Lady. Hold this.
AUNTIE!
MONEY!
YIPPEE! I've snatched a purse!
BOO-HOO! SOB! WAIL!
NTY. 3.11.84

NIP and RRIP

I like circuses, Rrip! Especially the clowns!
CIRCUS
I like the lions!

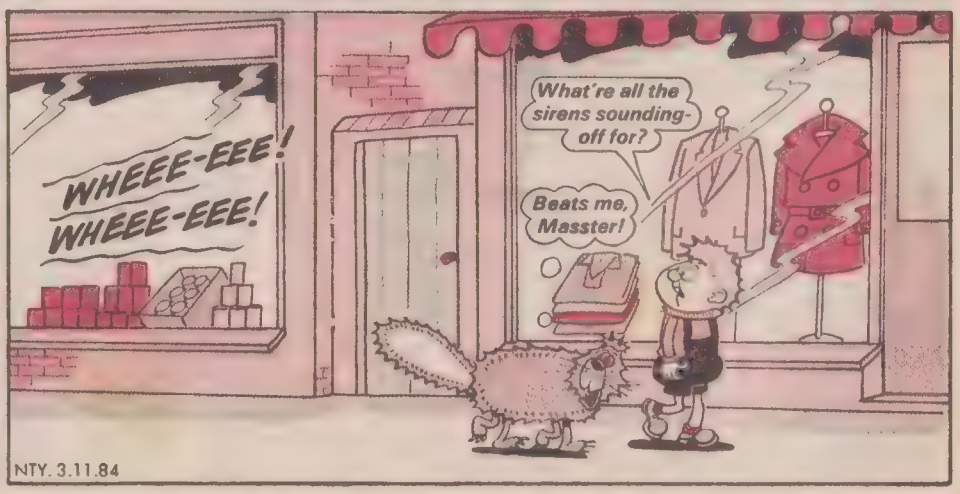

UP, LEO!
MYUK! MYUK! It's good to see them being bullied for a change!

MYUK! MYUK! Look at that one!
So he thinks I'm funny, does he?

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE
Time for a little stroll I think!

There goes that domesticated moggie!

Blimey! Leo's escaped!


WHEEE-EEE!
WHEEE-EEE!
What're all the sirens sounding-off for?
Beats me, Masster!
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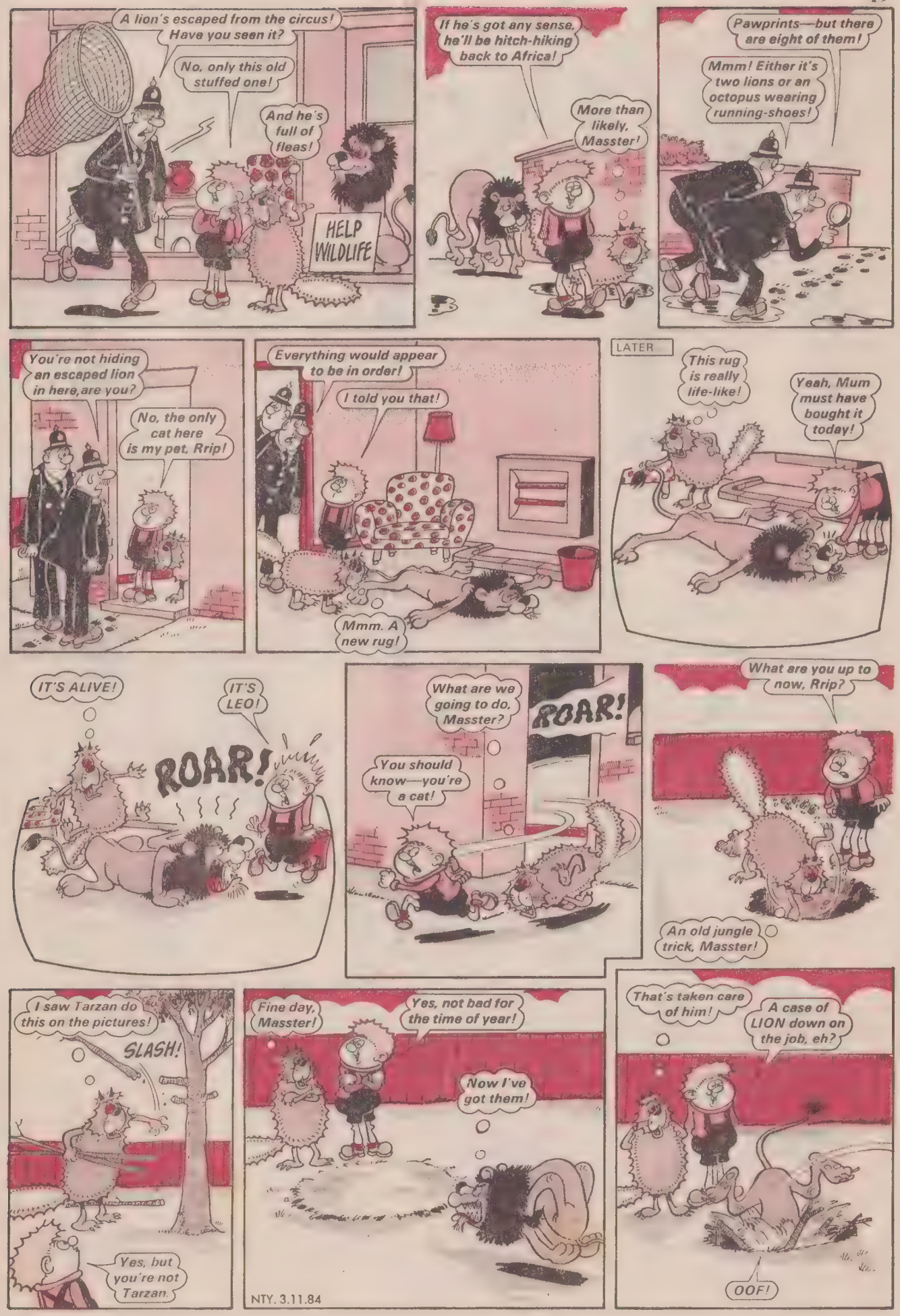
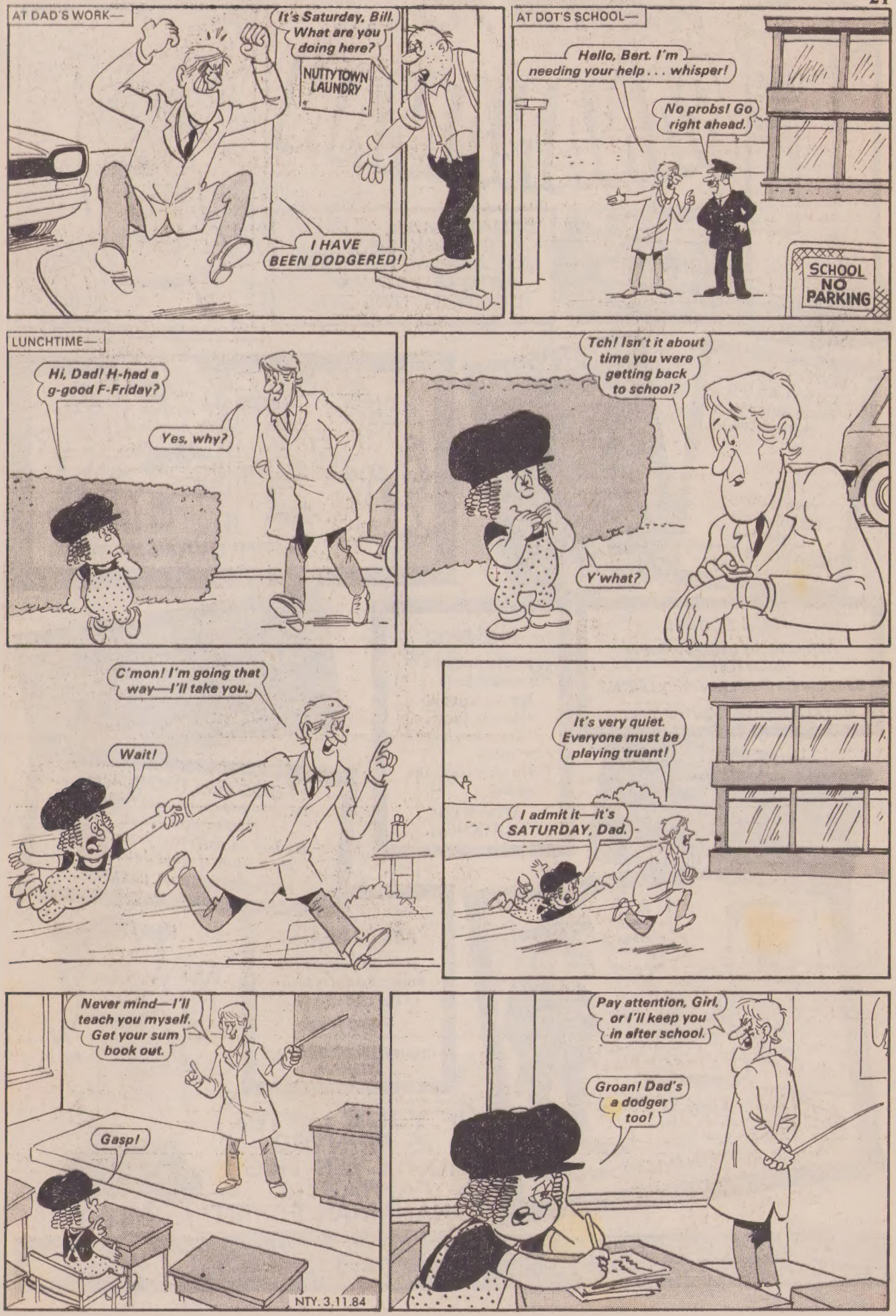

A lion's escaped from the circus! Have you seen it?
No, only this old stuffed one!
And he's full of fleas!
HELP WILDLIFE
If he's got any sense, he'll be hitch-hiking back to Africa!
More than likely, Masster!
Pawprints—but there are eight of them!
Mmm! Either it's two lions or an octopus wearing running-shoes!
You're not hiding an escaped lion in here, are you?
No, the only cat here is my pet, Rrip!
Everything would appear to be in order!
I told you that!
Mmm. A new rug!
LATER
This rug is really life-like!
Yeah, Mum must have bought it today!
IT'S ALIVE!
IT'S LEO!
ROAR!
What are we going to do, Masster?
You should know—you're a cat!
ROAR!
What are you up to now, Rrip?
An old jungle trick, Masster!
I saw Tarzan do this on the pictures!
SLASH!
Yes, but you're not Tarzan.
Fine day, Masster!
Yes, not bad for the time of year!
Now I've got them!
NTY. 3.11.84
That's taken care of him!
A case of LION down on the job, eh?
OOF!

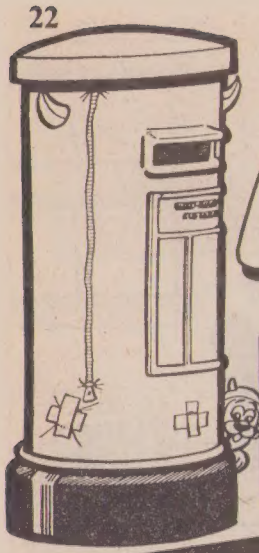
MICRODOT

LATE ONE NIGHT—
Hi, Readers. I'm just putting finishing touches to tomorrow's dodge.
DODGE PROGRAM LOADING
EARLY NEXT MORNING—
C'mon, Dad! You're gonna be late for work.
Get lost! It's Saturday!
Good morning, Listeners. This is Radio Nuttytown broadcasting to you this fine Friday morning!
WHAT?
Can't believe it!
Heh! Heh! I taped yesterday's radio show.
I'll see what is on breakfast TV!
Titter!
Here is the early morning news on FRIDAY, 2nd November!
AARGH!
I video taped yesterday's breakfast TV too.
I've gotta get a move on!
I must be getting forgetful.
Yeah! You're forgetting something else—Friday is pocket money day!
PRETENDING TO GO TO SCHOOL
See the reason for this dodge, Readers? I've got double pocket money this week.
By the time Dad finds out I'll have this loot spent.
NTY. 3.11.84


AT DAD'S WORK—
It's Saturday, Bill. What are you doing here?
NUTTYTOWN LAUNDRY
I HAVE BEEN DODGERED!
AT DOT'S SCHOOL—
Hello, Bert. I'm needing your help . . . whisper!
No probs! Go right ahead.
SCHOOL NO PARKING
LUNCHTIME—
Hi, Dad! H-had a g-good F-Friday?
Yes, why?
Tch! Isn't it about time you were getting back to school?
Y'what?
C'mon! I'm going that way—I'll take you.
Wait!
It's very quiet. Everyone must be playing truant!
I admit it—it's SATURDAY, Dad.
Never mind—I'll teach you myself. Get your sum book out.
Gasp!
NTY. 3.11.84
Pay attention, Girl, or I'll keep you in after school.
Groan! Dad's a dodger too!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

WATER JOKE

"What did Big Chief Running Water call his sons?"
"Hot and Cold."
"What about his third one?"
"Little Drip!"

MARK ROWBOTTOM, CHEADLE HEATH.

HEAD TEACHERS!

BIOLOGY TEACHER:—Does anybody know where my brain is?

TWEET WILLIAM:—Perhaps you left it in the staff room, Sir!

JUDITH ROSE, LEICESTER.

JASON O'SULLIVAN, HOLBROOK.

HAIR SCARE!

Why did the bald spy throw away his keys?
Because he didn't have any LOCKS.

NATALIE KIMISH, SOUTHAMPTON.

IDLE ERIC!

My Grandpa's name is Eric,
But he's got no claim to fame,
'Cos when he eats a 'nana
He only stays the same!

STEVEN ROE, BLACKBURN.

MONKEY BUSINESS!

What's white, fluffy and swings from tree to tree in the jungle?
A meringue-utang!

SEAN GALLAGHER, GOSFORTH.

TRAVEL BUG!

DOCTOR:—Flu again, Mister Jones?
MR JONES:—No, I came by car!

MARK MATHER, PRESTON.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT!

'Twas in the restaurant they met, Romeo and Juliet.
He had no cash to pay the debt.
So Romeo'd what Julie-ate!

PETER ERRINGTON, LARKHILL.

STEVEN McLEAN, PERTH.

BRAIN DRAIN!

How do you get the Nutty Editor's brain to the size of a pea?
Pump it up!

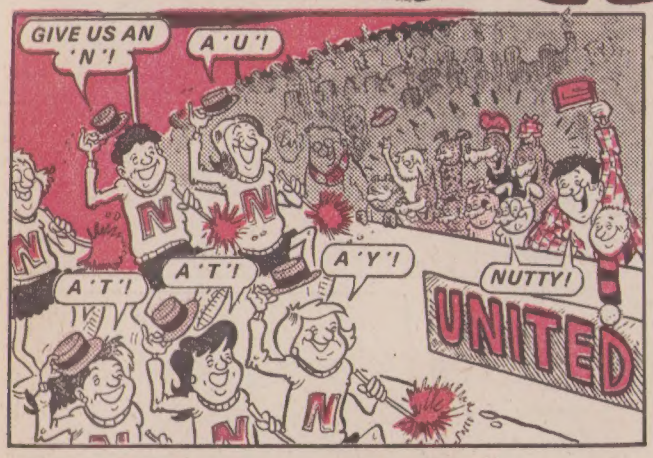
CHRISTOPHER BROOKS, WITHAM.

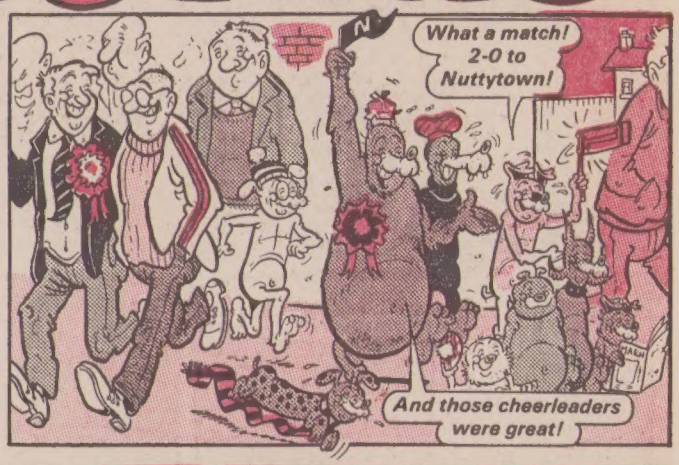
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

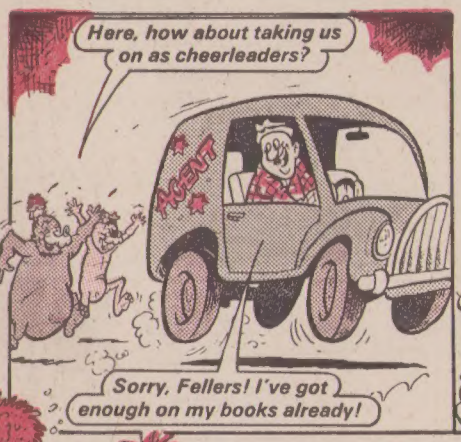
N13.11.84.

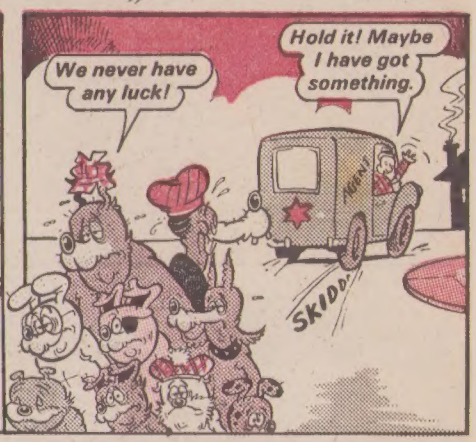
DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

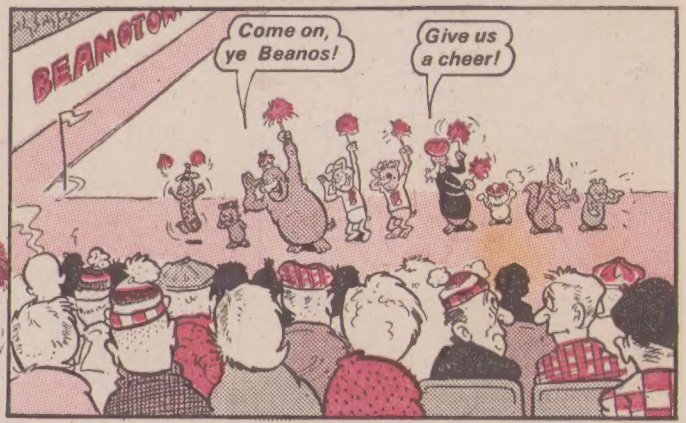
THE WILD ROVERS

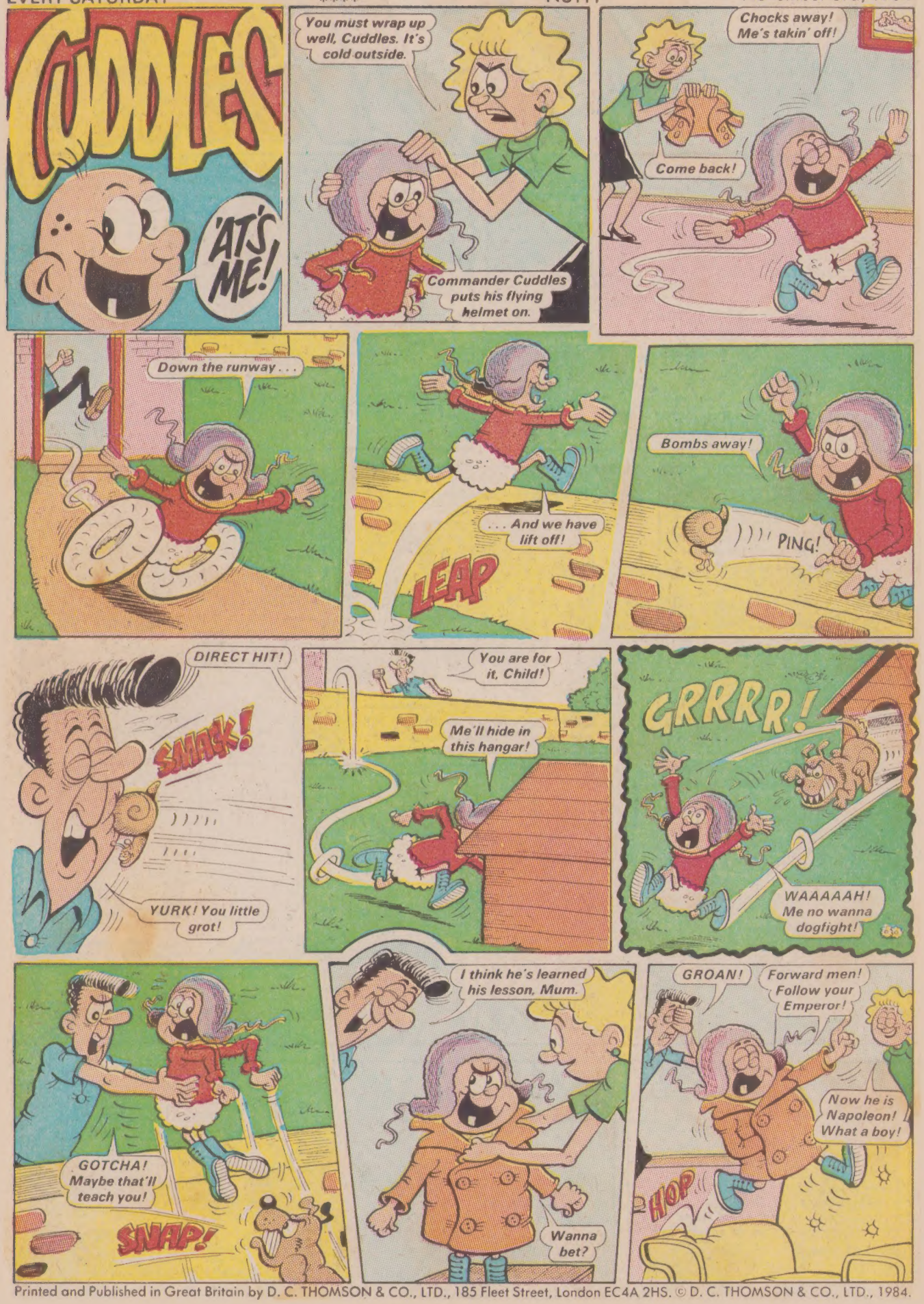












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